

# THE CHRONICLE

VOL. IV. NO. 32.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1911.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

## LAUT BROTHERS

### Don't Grind Your Sickles in the Old Fashioned Way

with a small boy on the handle. It takes too long and is hard on the small boy. Buy a **Mounted Grindstone** and do your own work. We have them at **\$6.00**—strong, well braced, durable. Will last a life time.

Our stock of haying tools is going fast, but we can fill your order yet.

Forks.....	60 to 90cts.
Rope.....	18 "
Pulleys.....	40 "
Machine Oil.....	55 "

We have a complete stock of bolts and can fix up any old thing from a hay-rack to a mowing machine—tell us your troubles.

Fresh fruit for preserving is beginning to arrive, and we will be glad to receive your orders at the grocery counter. Staple groceries at the old, low down prices, and the quality can't be beaten.

Goods promptly delivered in town.

**Laut Bros.,**  
HARDWARE AND GROCERIES.

Prepare for to-morrow  
and go to  
**MORROW**

For You Coal.

**E. H. MORROW,**

Vice. Jas. Sutherland.

COAL DRAY WOOD.

## WE HANDLE

The best line of machinery on the market to-day. That, is the **MASSEY-HARRIS IMPLEMENTS** Including MOWERS, BINDERS, PLOWS of all kinds, DISCS, HARROWS, and everything in the machinery line.

### WE ALSO HANDLE

The VERITY STEAM GANG PLOWS, which till the land to stay tilled. Repairs for all Massey-Harris Machinery Supplied.

**EMIL WEGENER, Agent**  
CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA.

## Why not Save Money?

And have Your Shoes Repaired.

We turn out **First-Class Work.**

TERMS STRICTLY CASH

**H. E. HOPCRAFT**

Next door North of Chronicle Office.

### Subscription List For the Scouts Band

About twenty minutes after the paper appeared on last Thursday two little girls came to the office and gave their offering to the Scouts Fund, and since then only one has appeared.

This is a very worthy cause and parents should give the boys as well as the Scout Master their support by helping in this small way.

This subscription is opened to procure a Union Jack and uniforms for the boys, and we intend to raise this money from this office if possible. Don't be out-done by little girls.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the following:

Mary McAnally	\$ .25
Eileen McAnally	.25
The Chronicle	1.00
Gladys Coggin	.25

### : Local and General :

Good afternoon.

Lightning casualties are becoming rather numerous for Alberta.

Mr. B. H. Armstrong, of Calgary, came up on business on Tuesday morning.

Wm. Stuart, of the Stuart Lumber Co., was in Crossfield on Friday last on business.

Robert Atkins is buying Chickens, Butter and Eggs at one price only—the highest market price—for cash. Call at the bakery.

Mrs. R. Sterling and little daughters, of Calgary, were week end visitors to Mrs. F. Parker.

Those who attended the fair and sports at Carstairs on last Friday report a very enjoyable day.

Bowlen lost to Dilabury in league game of base ball that was played in Carstairs on last Friday.

L. N. Casey left on Tuesday for a trip in the northern country with a view of finding a new location.

Everyone will now have an opportunity to express an opinion on the proposed reciprocity pact.

Mrs. J. C. Downs returned on Monday afternoon after spending a couple weeks in Calgary and Banff.

W. Stuart & Co. have improved the appearance of their lumber office by having a sign painted on the front.

Miss Gertrude Parker, who has been spending the last four weeks with relatives in the north returned home on Saturday evening.

E. Waite and wife, H. Sibald, of Dilabury, and Mr. and Miss Waite, of Calgary, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Harvie on Sunday.

A contingent of the Calgary Boy Scouts were visitors in town on Saturday. They came up by motor car and were accompanied by Col. Walker, of Calgary.

Mrs. James Senesac and son, of Ambersburg, Ont., arrived here on Saturday morning to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. F. D. Wigle.

Mr. F. H. Mothershead, who has conducted a jewelry store in Crossfield for the past few months left on Friday evening last for Estevan, Sask., where he will go into business on a larger scale.

## GROCERIES

A full line of **BEST QUALITY** always on hand.

## DRY GOODS

A large line, to add to our present stock, will arrive soon. Call and look them over. To show goods is no trouble to us.

## BOOTS AND SHOES

**AMES HOLDEN** shoes give satisfaction both in dress line and working shoes.

**Doyle & Elliott,**  
GENERAL MERCHANTS,

CROSSFIELD,

ALBERTA



### YOUR ORDER

for lumber—no matter how complicated nor how large—will be carried out to the letter in our office. You will get exactly what you ordered—no more, no less—and promptly, above all. It is not alone in the quality of our lumber in which we excel; it is also the excellent service we render customers. After all, one satisfied customer is worth a dozen advertisements. All of ours are satisfied.  
**W. STUART & CO.,**  
GEO. BECKER, Manager.

## We have a Proposition

to make to any man who is figuring on getting

### A LOAN

It is a proposition that means the saving of a lot, and should be taken advantage of by every borrower. Come in and let us get acquainted.

## Murton Realty Co.

Next Door to the Bank.

CROSSFIELD,

ALBERTA.

## DAVE'S CORNER

We have on sale a broken line of shirts worth **\$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75** which we are running off at 90c. as long as they last.

DAVE MAKES CLOTHES.

**D. G. HARVIE**







# THE FOUR FINGERS

By FRED M. WHITE,

Author of  
The Crimson Sinner, The Cardinal  
Moth; The Weight of the Crown;  
The Corner House; The Slaves of  
Silence; Craven Fortune; The  
Fast Days; Netting.

(Continued.)

By way of reply Fenwick dashed his fist full into the face of Zary. The latter drew back just in time to avoid a crushing blow then his long arms twisted about the bulky form of his antagonist as a snake winds about his prey. So close and tenacious, so wonderfully tense was the grip, that Fenwick fairly gasped for air. A bony leg was pressed into the slender of his back—he tottered backward, and lay upon the mossy turf with Zary on top of him with one bony hand at his throat, the other clenched and so utterly unexpected that Fenwick could only gasp in astonishment. Then Fenwick remembered the fact that Zary's great luminous eyes were bent, full of hate, upon his face. He felt a cold shiver gleamed in the sunshine. Very slowly the words came from Zary.

"I could finish you now," he whispered. "I could end it one and for all. One swift blow of this knife."

"What are you doing?" a voice asked eagerly. "Zary have you taken leave of your senses? Release him at once I say."

Very slowly Zary replaced the knife in his pocket and rose to his feet. There was not a word of reply to his recent passion. He was perfectly calm and collected, his breathing was even and regular, his countenance before the onslaught.

"You are quite right, master," he said. "I had just forgotten myself. I am humiliated and ashamed. The mere touch of that man is pollution. We shall meet again, Mr. Evers."

Zary went calmly away and vanished in the thick undergrowth as quickly and mysteriously as if he had been spirited from the spot. Fenwick rose to his feet and wiped the stains from his clothing.

"I certainly owe you a great deal," he growled. "That fellow would certainly have murdered me if you had not come up just at the right moment. It is fortunate too, that you should have turned up here just now, as far as I am concerned, I should like to say a few words to you in private."

It was well, perhaps, that Evers could not see the expression of his companion's face, that he did not note the look of mingled triumph and malice that distorted it. It never for a moment occurred to him as possible that black treachery could follow so closely upon the heels of his own magnanimity. Without the slightest tremor he followed Fenwick to the house. The latter led the way upstairs into a room overlooking the ancient part of the house, and something to the effect that was the thing that he had to say to Evers. They were inside the room at length, then with a muttered exclamation Fenwick hastened to the door. The key clicked in the lock outside and Evers knew that he was once more a prisoner.

"You stay there till I want you," Fenwick cried. "I'll teach you to play these tricks on me after all I have done for you."

"You rascal," Evers responded. "And so you think you have me a prisoner once more. I shall be at the end of the corridor and back then come in here again and I will have a pleasant surprise for you. You need not be afraid—I am not armed."

Perhaps some sudden apprehension possessed Fenwick, he turned rapidly as he was walking away and once more opened the door. Evers had been as good as his word—the surprise which he had promised Fenwick was complete and absolute.

"Vanished! Fenwick cried. "Gone, curse him, what can have become of him?"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Smoked Out.

A feeling of helpless exasperation gripped Fenwick as he exchanged glances with all other emotions. Everything seemed to be going wrong just now; whenever he was in the house, he was blocked his path. Like most cunning criminals he could never quite dispose himself of the idea that he was clever and cleverness never went together. All honest men were fools of necessity, and therefore the legitimate prey of rogues like himself. And yet, though he was more or less confronted now with men of integrity, who were helpless in their hands as if he had been a child. The maddening part of the whole thing was that he knew he had nothing to strike. He was like a general leading an army into the park in a strange direction, knowing all the time that he had cunning unseen foes to fight.

Thoughts like these were uppermost in Fenwick's mind as he gazed in consternation about the large room from which Fenwick knew Evers had saved his life from Zary, but that had not prevented Fenwick from having in a dastardly fashion seemed to him as if Fate was playing into their hands by bringing Evers

down here at this moment. Hitherto he had found Evers such plastic material that he had never seriously considered him in the light of a foe. Now, for the first time, he saw how greatly he had been mistaken.

"Where can the fellow have got to?" he muttered. "And whence comes his intimate knowledge of the layout of the house? He tapped the walls, he examined the floor, but there was no sign whatever of the means by which Evers had made good his escape."

Fenwick furiously rang the bell and demanded that his carriage be sent. He should be sent to him at once. The man came to him, shambling unsteadily along, and breathing fast as if he had been running. His aged features were quivering with some strange excitement, as Fenwick did not fail to notice, despite his own perturbation.

"What an earth's the matter with you?" he exclaimed. "You look as if you had seen a ghost? What is it? Speak up, man!"

"It isn't that, sir," the old man said in trembling tones. "It is a fact that I never expected to see you again. A bit wild as was—aye, a rare handful at times, though we were all precious fond of him. And now he has been here again like this."

"What the devil are you talking about?" Fenwick burst out furiously. "The old fool is in his second childhood."

"It was the young master," the caretaker babbled on. "Why, you could have knocked me down with a feather when he came in the house with you. As soon as I set eyes on Mr. Charles—"

"Mr. what?" Fenwick asked. "Oh, I see what you mean. You are speaking of Mr. Evers, who came in with a special to the station-master here, so he will take you for an amiable lunatic. I have an idea that may work out all right, though it all depends upon whether the train that has gone out of the station is a fast or a slow one."

The inquiry proved the fact that the train was a slow one, stopping at every station. It would be quite two hours in reaching Victoria. Venner smiled with the air of a man who is well pleased with himself. He turned eagerly to his companion, who was armed with one of his own weapons. It will be the easiest thing in the world to get from here to Victoria, well under two hours in a motor."

"I guess that's about true," Grady said, drily. "But what applies to the motor, where are we to get the machine from?"

"Borrow Fenwick's," Venner said. "I understand the working of a Mercedes, and I know where to get it. If I go about this thing boldly, our success is assured. Then you can be first for me the cross roads and I can pick you up."

"Well, you can try it on, sir," Egan said stoutly. "If you fail, we must telegraph to Scotland Yard."

But Venner had not the slightest intention of failing. There were no horses in the stable at Merton Grange and consequently no helpers looting about the yard. There stood the big car, and on a shelf hard by all the necessities for setting the great machine in motion. In an incredibly short time Venner had latched the Mercedes into the yard; he turned her dexterously, and a moment later was speeding down a side avenue which led to the Park. The good old saying that fortune favors the brave was not belied in this instance, for Venner succeeded in reaching the high road without a mishap. It was very long hours against his theft being discovered at any rate, for some considerable time; and even if the car were missing, no one could possibly identify its loss with the chase after Fenwick's car.

It was not long, however, that their spirits that the trio set on their journey. Naturally enough Venner's car was not to be seen, what the criminal charge would be.

"Though I have found out a great deal," he said, "I utterly at a loss to know what these fellows have been up to. Of course, I understand that there is some underground business with regard to certain coins, but then these coins are real gold, and it would not pay anybody to counterfeit sovereigns worth twenty shillings apiece."

"You don't think so," Egan said, drily. "We shall have to prove the contrary presently. But hadn't you better wait, sir, till the critical moment comes?"

"Very well," Venner laughed good-naturedly. "I'll wait and see what dramatic surprises you have in store for me."

(To be continued.)

## Mooney's Biscuits

PERFECT CRISP BREAD

MOONEY'S WINNIEG MOONEY'S

LET MOONEY DO IT

DON'T BAKE—BAKE—BAKE IN THE HARD OLD FASHIONED WAY

It shortens your life, spoils your temper and ruins your looks. Try the new way—the MOONEY way.

No spoiled baking. No overheated kitchens. Lots of leisure in the home. MOONEY'S BISCUITS are so fresh, so crisp, so appetizing that they are largely taking the place of home baking with thousands of Western people. Ask for

MOONEY'S PERFECTION

SODA BISCUITS

in air tight, dust-proof and damp proof packages—or in sealed tins if you prefer them.

Made in the Best Sanitary Factory in Winnipeg.

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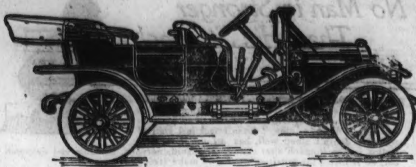












Case Automobiles, the Car with the Famous Pierce Engine, always ready to work.

## A. W. GORDON,

Agent for high-class Farm Implements of all Kinds.

McCormick Harvesting and Tillage Implements,  
I. H. C. Gasoline Engines from 1 to 45 h.p.,  
Stationery, Portable and Tractors.

Oliver Plows, J. I. Case Plows, Van Slyke Plows,  
the only real Brush Plow on the market.

J. I. Case Threshing Co's. Threshing and Plowing  
Engines, the All Steel Separator, all kinds of Grading  
and Road Building Machinery.

Barrie and Armstrong Carriages.

Owens Smit Cleaners.

New Superior Fanning Mills.

Page Wire Fencing for Hogs, Cattle and Poultry,  
Hard Spring Steel Wire.

Chicago Aermotor and Gasoline Pumping Engines.

De Laval and I. H. C. Dairymaid Cream Separators.

Old Dominion, Chatham, Columbus, Weber Wagons,  
and Battendorf all steel gear Wagons.

**Call and see our Lines before Buying**

## THE ARCADE,

POOL HALL and CIGAR STORE

Come in and spend a pleasant hour. REMEMBER!

We handle a Choice Line of

Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, Magazines,  
Confectionery and Soft Drinks.

Pipe Repairing a Speciality

**COLLINS BROS., - Proprietors.**  
**CROSSFIELD ALBERTA**

## Deering Lines

of Binders, Mowers, Rakes, Plows, Wagons  
and all farm machinery. A full line of repairs al-  
ways on hand. We also carry a line of Moline and  
Emerson plows, Mandt wagons, Dominion and Bay-  
nes buggies.

Agent for some of the best lines of Threshing  
Machinery. Give us a call and look over our line be-  
fore buying. See the Universal Gasoline Tractor,  
they do the work. Pumps, Windmills, gasoline En-  
gines, etc. We can't tell it all in this space, come  
and see us.

## Geo. O. Davis

CROSSFIELD, ALTA.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL

Misses Grace and Harriett Mc-  
Donald, of Calgary, are guests of  
their aunt, Mrs. S. McDonald.

Money to Loan on Improved  
Farms. No commission, no delay.  
You get the money in a few days.  
See Hultgren & Davis.

The infant child of Mrs. Stewart  
McDonald is very ill at the home  
here. Dr. Taugher is attending.

Mrs. D. Outkes entertained at  
her home last evening, and a most  
delightful evening was enjoyed by  
all present.

The Hon. C. W. Fisher in com-  
pany with Tom Quigley, of Cochrane,  
was in Crossfield yesterday  
afternoon. They came up by motor  
car and returned home in the even-  
ing.

The miners have until next Mon-  
day in which to settle the strike,  
otherwise the duty on coal will be  
removed for a time in order to re-  
lieve the coal famine that is at pre-  
sent threatening this part of the  
country.

Farmers get your buildings insur-  
ed in the Wawanesa Mutual Fire  
Insurance Co. It is both economi-  
cal and safe. \$1.10 per hundred  
for three years. Hultgren & Davis,  
Agents.

It is expected that the Federal  
Elections will take place about Sep-  
tember 21st. Col. Walker will prob-  
ably be the Liberal choice at the  
nomination. If Mr. McCarthy will  
not run again it will be hard to say  
who will be the Conservative candi-  
date.

Agreements of sale and mortgages  
bought and sold, all kinds of Con-  
veyancing Wills, Etc. promptly at-  
tended to at reasonable rates, busi-  
ness strictly confidential and sat-  
isfaction guaranteed. List your  
best bargains in Farm lands with  
us, we have buyers waiting; we are  
here for business and to please our  
customers. Hultgren & Davis,  
Crossfield.

J. H. Jeffkins and William Swain,  
of Chicago, stopped over in Cross-  
field on Thursday last on a visit to  
Messrs. Harvie and Motheral.  
They are at present visiting north-  
ern points, but expect to call at  
Crossfield again before returning home.

Mr. Jno. Featherstone came down  
from Castor on last Friday, and on  
Friday evening went to Calgary to  
bring back his son Gus, who has  
been in the Hospital there for sev-  
eral weeks. They returned on Sat-  
urday evening, and again left on  
Monday morning for Castor. Gus  
is much improved in health although  
rather weak from the effects of his  
prolonged illness.

### Killed By Lightning Near Lochend

On Wednesday afternoon last, a  
young man by the name of Chester  
Dawson, whose parents live about  
twelve miles north of Cochrane was  
killed by lightning while standing  
in the tent belonging to E. McNamee,  
by whom the young man was  
employed working on the road.

Mr. McNamee, who was in another  
tent was badly shaken up, but an  
other man who was in the same  
tent with the unfortunate young  
man escaped injury.

On examination it was found  
that the lightning had struck the  
head and grounded through the  
feet, leaving a small black mark on  
the head, and tearing off one of the  
shoes and setting fire to the clothes.  
The funeral was held from the

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Nothing but white help employed  
Good Accommodation

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## LUMBER

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LUMBER and are now prepared to fill your  
Wants in that Line. Give us a call whether  
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our Stock and furnish estimates.

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\$30,000.00  
in Prizes and  
Purses  
\$120,000 in NEW  
BUILDINGS  
WRITE FOR  
PRIZE LIST.

home of the parents on Friday.  
The bereaved parents have the  
sympathy of all who have heard of  
the terrible accident.

### Ambernethy Corner

The First Annual School Picnic  
was held on Saturday, in the May-  
hood Section kindly granted by Mr.  
Alex Ross for the occasion. For the  
first picnic held it was a grand  
success, all the neighborhood were  
present there also being visitors  
from Calgary and some from Eng-  
land. The picnic and games were  
given up by Miss Stephens. After  
all was over the crowd gathered at  
Mr. Ross' and spent a most enjoy-  
able evening and it was voted by  
all a huge success.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Robertson and  
children have been spending the

week end in Cochrane.

The crops in the district are do-  
ing well, and if we have a little  
more sunshine in August most far-  
mers will look forward to a bumper  
crop.

J. Huen (that can't charge it)  
won the Sack Race at the picnic, E.  
Archibald won the 100 yards dash,  
time 9.2-5. Secs., which we believe  
to be a World Record. R. Reid  
Smith won the running long jump  
19 ft. 3 ins. while Dave Malloch  
distinguished himself as usual in  
several of the races.

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